Numb. CIII.

The GUARDIAN.

Dum flammas Jovis, & ſonitus imitatur Olympi. Virg.

Thurſday, July 9. 1713.

I Am conſidering how moſt of the great *Phænomena*, or Appearances in Nature, have been imitated by the Art of Man. Thunder is grown a common Drug among the Chymiſts. Lightning may be bought by the Pound. If a Man has occaſion for a Lambent Flame, you have whole Sheets of it in a handful of Phoſphor. Showers of Rain are to be met with in every Water-work; and we are informed, that ſome Years ago the Vertuoſo's of *France* covered a little Vault with Artificial Snow, which they made to fall above an Hour together for the Entertainment of his preſent Majeſty.

I am led into this Train of Thinking by the noble Fire-work that was exhibited laſt Night upon the *Thames*. You might there ſee a little Sky filled with innumerable Blazing Stars and Meteors. Nothing could be more aſtoniſhing than the Pillars of Flame, Clouds of Smoke, and Multitudes of Stars mingled together in ſuch an agreeable Confuſion. Every Rocket ended in a Conſtellation, and ſtrow'd the Air with ſuch a ſhower of Silver Spangles, as opened and enlightened the whole Scene from time to time. It put me in mind of the Lines in *OEdipus*,

Why from the bleeding Womb of monſtrous Night
Burſt forth ſuch Myriads of abortive Stars?

In ſhort, the Artiſt did his part to Admiration, and was ſo encompaſſed with Fire and Smoke, that one would have thought nothing but a Salamander could have been ſafe in ſuch a Situation.

I was in Company with two or three fanciful Friends during this whole Show. One of them being a Critick, that is, a Man who on all Occaſions is more attentive to what is wanting than what is preſent, begun to exert his Talent upon the ſeveral Objects we had before us. I am mightily pleaſed, ſays he, with that burning Cypher. There is no Matter in the World ſo proper to write with as Wild-fire, as no Characters can be more legible than thoſe which are read by their own Light. But as for your Cardinal Virtues I don't care for ſeeing them in ſuch Combuſtible Figures. Who can imagine *Chaſtity* with a Body of Fire, or *Temperance* in a Flame? *Juſtice* indeed may be furniſhed out of this Element as far as her Sword goes, and *Courage* may be all over one continued Blaze, if the Artiſt pleaſes.

Our Companion obſerving that we laught at this unſeaſonable Severity, let drop the Critick, and propoſed a Subject for a Fire-work, which he thought would be very amuſing, if executed by ſo able an Artiſt as he who was at that time Entertaining us. The Plan he mentioned was a Scene in *Milton*. He wou'd have a large Piece of Machinery repreſent the *Pan-dæmonium*, where

—— from the Arched Roof
Pendent by ſubtle Magick, many a row
Of ſtarry Lamps, and blazing Creſſets, fed
With Naphtha *and* Aſphaltus, *yielded Light*
As from a Sky ——

This might be finely repreſented by ſeveral Illuminations diſpoſed in a great Frame of Wood, with ten thouſand beautiful Exhalations of Fire, which Men verſed in this Art know very well how to raiſe. The Evil Spirits at the ſame time might very properly appear in Vehicles of Flame, and employ all the Tricks of Art to terrifie and ſurprize the Spectator.

We were well enough pleaſed with this Start of Thought, but fancied there was ſomething in it too ſerious,

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ſerious, and perhaps too horrid to be put in Execution.

Upon this a Friend of mine gave us an Account of a Fire-work deſcribed, if I am not miſtaken, by *Strada*. A Prince of *Italy*, it ſeems, entertained his Miſtreſs with it upon a great Lake. In the midſt of this Lake was a huge floating Mountain made by Art. The Mountain repreſented *Ætna*, being bored thro' the top with a monſtrous Orifice. Upon a Signal given the Eruption began. Fire and Smoke, mixed with ſeveral unuſual Prodigies and Figures, made their Appearance for ſome time. On a ſudden there was heard a moſt dreadful rumbling Noiſe within the Entrails of the Machine. After which the Mountain burſt, and diſcovered a vaſt Cavity in that Side which faced the Prince and his Court. Within this Hollow was *Vulcan*'s Shop full of Fire and Clock work. A Column of blue Flames iſſued out inceſſantly from the Forge. *Vulcan* was employed in hammering out Thunderbolts, that every now and then flew up from the Anvil with dreadfull Cracks and Flaſhes. *Venus* ſtood by him in a Figure of the brighteſt Fire, with numberleſs *Cupids* on all Sides of her, that ſhot out Vollies of burning Arrows. Before her was an Altar with Hearts of Fire flaming on it. I have forgot ſeveral other Particulars no leſs curious, and have only mentioned theſe to ſhow that there may be a Sort of Fable or Deſign in a Fire-work which may give an Additional Beauty to thoſe ſurpriſing Objects.

I ſeldom ſee any thing that raiſes Wonder in me which does not give my Thoughts a Turn that makes my Heart the better for it. As I was lying in my Bed, and ruminating on what I had ſeen, I could not forbear reflecting on the Inſignificancy of Human Art, when ſet in Compariſon with the Deſigns of Providence. In the Purſuit of this Thought I conſidered a Comet, or in the Language of the Vulgar a Blazing-Star, as a Sky-Rocket diſcharged by an Hand that is Almighty. Many of my Readers ſaw that in the Year 1680, and if they are not Mathematicians will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater Degree of Swiftneſs than a Cannon Ball, and drew after it a Tail of Fire that was Fourſcore Millions of Miles in length. What an amazing Thought is it to conſider this ſtupendous Body traverſing the Immenſity of the Creation with ſuch a Rapidity, and at the ſame time Wheeling about in that Line which the Almighty has preſcribed for it? that it ſhould move in ſuch an inconceivable Fury and Combuſtion, and at the ſame time with ſuch an exact Regularity? How ſpacious muſt the Univerſe be that gives ſuch Bodies as theſe their full play, without ſuffering the leaſt Diſorder or Confuſion by it? What a glorious Show are thoſe Beings entertained with, that can look into this great Theatre of Nature, and ſee Myriads of ſuch tremendous Objects wandring through thoſe immeaſurable Depths of *Æther*, and running their appointed Courſes? Our Eyes may hereafter be ſtrong enough to command this magnificent Proſpect, and our Underſtandings able to find out the ſeveral Uſes of theſe great Parts of the Univerſe. In the mean Time they are very proper Objects for our Imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted Notions of Infinite Wiſdom and Power, and learn to think humbly of our ſelves, and of all the little Works of Human Invention.

This Paper is to be had of Mr. Yemes *under the* Thatch'd-houſe *Tavern in St.* James's-ſtreet; *Mrs.* Bond *at* Charing-croſs; *Mrs.* Bolter *and Mrs.* Dodd *near the* Temple-gate; *and Mr.* Round *in* Exchange-Ally.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Loſt on Tueſday, the 7th Inſtant, in the Morning, between Hungerford Market and the May pole in the Strand, a Green Vellum Pocket Book with an Alphabet, wherein were ſeveral Notes and Memorandums of no Uſe to any but the Owner. Whoever ſhall bring the ſaid Pocket Book to Mr. Tonſon, Bookſeller, over againſt Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand, ſhall have a Guinea Reward, and no Queſtions aſked.

Mr. Brooke gives Notice, that any Subſcriber (who deſires it) ſhall have his Note made payable by an Abatement of a Shillings per Gallon till they are fully repaid; and if any Subſcriber ſhould be of Opinion, that the Wines are not better as well as cheaper than thoſe Sold by Vintners, the Note belonging to ſuch Subſcriber, or ſuch Part thereof as ſhall remain unpaid, ſhall be taken at any of his Houſes or Cellars as Many, and this farther Condition ſhall be inſerted in each Subſcriber's Note: Subſcriptions, To-morrow being the 20th Inſtant, will begin to be taken in at the following Places, (where the Propoſals are to be had gratis), viz. At Garraway's Coffee-houſe in Exchange Alley, Mr. Lintott's Bookſeller at the Croſs-Keys between the two Temple-Gates; Will's Coffee-houſe in Covent-Garden, St. James's Coffee-houſe near St. James's Houſe, and Mr. Beard's Toy-man in the Court of Requeſts.

Bibliotheca Seleciſſima; or, a Catalogue of ſcarce and valuable Books, Greek, Latin, Italian and French of the beſt Editions, many bound in Red Turky Leather, Gilt Leaves; with ſome of the choiceſt Authors in Spaniſh, amongſt which are a great many curious Volumes relating to Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. The Juſtinian Gallery compleat, Blaeu's Atlas in Eleven Volumes, and ſeveral fine Manuſcripts upon Vellum, with very neat figures in Miniature, Collected beyond Sea, chiefly out of Buſſeau's Library at Paris, and Vander Marck's at the Hague. N. B. There is a Capital Picture of Nicolo Pouſſin, and two Excellent Heads, with three Porto Folio's of Original Italian Drawings, which will be ſold immediately after the Books. The Sale will continue this Day the 9th of July, 1713. in the little Piazza, Covent-Garden, at the Green Door beginning at 6 a Clock in the Evening preciſely. Catalogues may be had of Mr. King in Weſtminſter-Hall, Mr. Varenne at Seneca's-Head near Somerſet-Houſe in the Strand, Mr. Wotton at the three Daggers near the Temple-Gate, Mr. Bateman in Pater-noſter-Row, Mr. Sarahan at the Golden Ball over-againſt the Royal Exchange, and at the Place of Sale. N. B. The Books may be ſeen till the time of Sale.

THIS Day the 9th Inſtant, will be opened again the famous WATER THEATRE of the late Ingenious Mr. Winſtanly; there in the greateſt Curioſities in Water-works, the like was never yet ſhewn before by any, with ſeveral new Additions to be ſhown this Night, and Cool Tankards will be given to the Boxes and Pit, with Baskets, Spaw-water and Lemons, all coming out of the Curious Barge with the Liquors, and Curioſities as at other times, with Clouds of Perfumes before a great Tempeſt of Thunder and Lightning, with Fire mingling with many Caſcades of Water. Boxes this Night 3s. Pit 2s. 6d. Firſt Gallery 1s. 6d. Upper Gallery 1s. 6d. This is at the lower End of Piccadilly towards Hide-Park, and is Shown for the Benefit of his Widow.

LONDON: Printed for *J. Tonſon* in the *Strand*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in. 1713.